That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed.
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to th
Mor. Good father, tell her, that
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily

Glendower ſpeakes to her in We
him in the ſan

Glen. She is deſperate heere.
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one t
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, tha
Which thou powreſt downe from th
I am too perfect in, and but for ſham
In ſuch a parley I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for t
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties high
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſ

The Lady ſpeakes aga

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ru
And reſt your gentle head vpon her la
And ſhee will ſing the ſong that pleaſe
And on your eyelids crowne the god
Charming your blood with pleaſing
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake
As is the difference betwixt day and
The houre before the heauenly haruе
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Ea
Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and
By that time will our Booke I thinke
Glen. Do ſo: and thoſe Muſicians
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues
And ſtraight they ſhall bee here, ſit an

F 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7